THE WEEKLY SUNBEAM.

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For the *Sunbeam.*]

4 Boys in the Yosemite.

By the biggest of them.

Continued.

The next morning we were up at five for it was *the* day of days. We were to see "The Yosemite Valley." We were pretty excited about it as you may suppose. Well, boys, I tell you what, it does pay a fellow to go and see. We drove for about a couple of hours passing a good deal of snow which seemed strange to us coming from Sonoma Valley where snow is such a wonderful sight. Only twice in our lives have we seen it. And then suddenly, we turned a corner and came in full sight of the Bridal Veil Waterfall and I don't think any of us will ever forget it. The road seems to go straight down a precipice, but really has so many twists and turns in it that the descent is much more gradual than you would suppose. The cook (who was great on blowing the horn) kept amusing himself by blowing away so as to let other teams know he was there we did not however meet anything till just as we got to the foot of the hill when we met the stage coach and turned up our noses in a contemptuous way at these poor beasts who had to travel in a common coach instead of in what we considered our very superior turn-out. Chamois said that there was plenty of room in the coach, which was true and the Gentlemen from the South woke up and said that wood was plentiful anyhow which was a blessing. Arrived at the foot of the hill we drove right up the town to where we heard was the best place for campers, and soon pitched our camp. The cook, who was a chronic grumbler, growled out that there was no water within half a mile, so to satisfy him we moved our camp to the side of the creek where there was about an equal quantity of water and mosquitoes We were just taking lunch when a gentlemen came to ask us to help him to put up his tents. He had a party of some ten or a dozen young ladies and he had three beautiful tents but did not know how to put them up. The cook grumbled a good deal but Chamois over persuaded him and so we all started out to help them. We got them up and then came back. After resting for about half an hour we went out to get some meat for dinner and the cook bought some beef-steak. It was a steak. If any one ever saw a tougher one I would like to see him. Even the Boarding House Keeper said it was tough. The gentleman from the South said he threw a piece of it at a quail and knocked it down but this was doubted.

To be continued.

The Weekly Sunbeam

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Address—

The Sunbeam,

Locust Grove, Sonoma,

Sonoma Co., Cal.

Monday. Mar. 10, 1884.

Poisons and their Antidotes.

Accidents from poisoning are of such frequent occurence, that every one should be able to administer the more common antidotes, until the *services of a physician can be obtained.* As many poisons bear a close resemblance to articles in common use, no substance should be brought into the household without having the word *poison* plainly written or printed on the label; and any package, box, or vial, without a label, should be at once destroyed, if the contents are not positively known.

When a healthy person is taken severely and *suddenly* ill *soon after some substance has been swallowed*, we may suspect that he has been poisoned. In all cases where poison have been taken into the stomach, it should be quickly and thoroughly evacuated by some active emetic, which can be speedily obtained. This may be accomplished by drinking a tumblerful of warm water, containing either a teaspoonful of powdered mustard or of common salt, or two teaspoonfuls of powdered alum in two teaspoonfuls of syrup. When vomiting has already taken place, it should be maintained by copious draughts of warm water or mucilaginous drinks, such as gum-water or flaxseed tea, and tickling the throat with the finger until there is reason to believe that all the poisonous substance has been expelled from the stomach.

The following list embraces only the more common poisons, together with such antidotes as are usually at hand, to be used until the physician arrives.

To be coutinued

THE PUZZLER.

CHARADE.

My first we all are of,
Though different we be;
My second none could lift,
Save by machinery.
My whole will serve us, when, at last,
The trials of our life are past.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why do architects make good actors?
2. Why is the letter D like a hoop of gold?
3. When is truth not truth any longer?
4. Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy?

ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

The nose.

CONUNDRUMS.

1 Because they are two-tonics (Teutonics)!

2. Because it is not fit for use till its broken.

3. Cast-steel (Castile)?

4. Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

5. Thanks.

6, That which goes into its mouth,

LOCALS.

Almond and peach trees are in bloom.

The Friday evening party has been postponed for a week, as several of the children are slightly "under the weather." And by next week they will probably be in better trim for nuts and cake. Therefore last Friday evening was passed in the usual way: a few athletic sports by the leading athletes, and then a good round game of forfeits.

Mr. James is rather unfortunate in having selected this week for his trip up the valley. As it has rained almost without intermission since his departure.

We have no doubt Tiberon is a grand place, but we miss our Donahue.

The all absorbing topic amongst the boys has been Sullivan and Robinson. One small boy even suggested the advisability of closing school to enable them to see the match.

Master Walcott Catton was made happy on Friday last by a visit from his mother.

Most of the lads and lassies of Locust Grove have the decorative mania their walls presenting a most fantastic appearance from the variety of illuminated cards and pictures.

Right heartily do we greet once more the cheery little "*Ray*" conducted by Messrs. Foye and Luebbert–; Long may it and its elder brother the "*Sunbeam*" shed their beams of intelligence abroad.

What ignorance is this!!!!!

Our genial hearted Joaquin, asked this morning if a paper was published in Sonoma; Never to have heard of the "*Index*"!!!

Rev. G. B. Allen, Mr. Reggy Allen and the members of the Grace Church choir dined with us last Sunday evening.

Oh don't we wish we were going to hear Patti.

All the invalids are about again, and as noisy as ever. Arthur cheers us with his musical voice.

ARRIVALS.

:o:

Mr. Foye.

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FUN.

Boy—"What are you crying for, Sally?"
Girl—"Cos I got the toothache."
Boy—"You go round to my grandmother; she all show you what to do; she knows how to take hers out and put'em back whenever she wants."

A familiar instance of color-blindness is that of a man taking a brown silk umbrella and leaving a green gingham in its place.

Some wag said that when he wanted to see if any of his friends were married he looked in the "news of the weak!"

A fussy old gentleman enters a railroad car, and, without consulting any of the other passengers, at once lets down both windows beside his seat.

Old gentleman, looking round complacently: "A cold morning this, but I must say I like air!"

Fellow-passengers, gruffly: "It seems to me, sir, that, under the circumstances, it might probably suit you better, and would certainly be more comfortable for us, if you would get out and sit on the roof!"

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